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"DOCTOR WHO"

SERIAL 6W

'The Two Doctors'

by

Robert Holmes

EPISODE THREE

FIRST

DRAFT

10.30 Aug 31

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"DOCTOR WHO" SERIAL 6W 'The Two Doctors' EPISODE THREE

CAST:

THE TWO DOCTORS  
PERI  
JAMIE  
CHESSENE  
DASTARI  
SHOCKEYE  
STIKE  
VARL  
WAITER  
ANITA  
OSCAR BOTCHERBY

\* \* \* \* \*

SETS:

CELLARS  
BEDROOM  
HALLWAY  
KITCHEN  
STONE PASSAGE  
OUTBUILDING  
RESTAURANT

\* \* \* \* \*

TELECINE:

EXT. HACIENDA  
WOODLAND  
COUNTRY ROAD  
ARAB QUARTER

\* \* \* \* \*

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SERIAL 6W

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EPISODE THREE

SUPOSE CAM     Opening  
                  Titles:

REPRISE THEN:

TELECINE 1:

Ext. Woodland. Day.

As SHOCKEYE reaches  
for her, PERI snaps  
out of her frozen  
shock and scrambles  
frantically away.

SHOCKEYE pounces with  
surprising speed for  
someone of his bulk.

PERI screams.

SHOCKEYE:     Steady, my little  
                  beauty! Come to Shockeye ...  
                  (cont ...)



PERI claws and fights.

SHOCKEYE pinions her wrists in one huge hand. With the other he pinches and prods her like a farmer appraising a bullock.

SHOCKEYE: (cont) What a fine, fleshy beast! Just in your prime and ripe for the knife.

He cuffs her massively on the head and Peri's struggles cease.

SHOCKEYE: Pity it's not a jack, all the same. Nothing to beat a young jack animal. Still, once old Shockeye's got its pelt off and braised it in the juice of its own giblets, Chessene won't know whether it's a jack or jill ...

He flings PERI over his shoulder and sets off back to the house.

END TELECINE 1.



1. INT. CELLARS.

STIKE: Varl, inform Chessene we have another Time Lord in our collection.

VARL: Sir.

(HE EXITS.

STIKE MOVES  
CLOSER)

STIKE: I am Group Marshall Stike, Commander of the Ninth Battle Group.

THE DOCTOR: A long way from the war, aren't you, Stike? Going badly, is it?

STIKE: Quite the contrary. And thanks to the information you've just given me, I shall be back with my unit in time for the crucial battle.

THE DOCTOR: My money's still on the Rutans.

STIKE: Get into the machine, Time Lord.

THE DOCTOR: Why? Oh, of course! Do you really expect me to give Sontarans the Rassilon imprimature - the power of time travel?



(STIKE GRABS JAMIE,  
PINIONING HIM ROUND  
THE NECK, AND HOLDS  
HIS GUN TO JAMIE'S  
HEAD)

STIKE: Do it or your comrade  
dies! And then you'll be put  
into the machine anyway.

(THE DOCTOR STARES  
AT HIM ANGRILY,  
THEN HIS SHOULDERS  
SAG RESIGNEDLY)

THE DOCTOR: You leave me little  
choice, Stike. But you'll harm  
my companion at your peril.

STIKE: Get in.

(THE DOCTOR ENTERS  
THE KIOSK.

STIKE, KEEPING A  
FIRM GRIP ON JAMIE,  
OPERATES THE  
EXTERNAL CONTROL  
PANEL WITH THE  
MUZZLE OF HIS GUN.

THE KIOSK MAKES  
THE NOISE OF A  
MINI-TARDIS AND  
DEMATERIALISES  
THEN THE SOUND IS  
HEARD RETURNING  
AND THE KIOSK  
APPEARS AGAIN.

THE DOCTOR STEPS  
OUT)

THE DOCTOR: Satisfied?

STIKE: So the machine is now  
primed?



THE DOCTOR: Yes.

STIKE: Excellent, Doctor. I shall now execute your comrade.

(JAMIE'S SLOWLY  
EXTENDING FINGERS  
CLOSE ROUND THE  
SKEIN DHU IN HIS  
SOCK)

THE DOCTOR: That's why you Sontarans have no allies. You can't be trusted.

STIKE: We have no need of allies. Sontaran might is invincible.

(JAMIE STABS THE  
KNIFE BACKWARDS  
INTO STIKE'S LEG.

HE GIVES A SHOUT  
OF PAIN.

THE DOCTOR DIVES  
FORWARD AND SEIZES  
STIKE'S GUN-ARM.

THERE IS A TUSSLE  
BEFORE JAMIE AND  
THE DOCTOR THROW  
STIKE TO THE GROUND)

THE DOCTOR: Run, Jamie!

(THEY RACE OUT OF  
THE CELLAR.

STIKE PICKS UP HIS  
GUN AND BLAZES A  
SHOT AFTER THEM.

THEN HE GETS UP AND  
LUMBERS IN PURSUIT,  
FIRING AS HE RUNS)



2. INT. HALLWAY.

(DASTARI AND  
CHESSENE ARE  
WITH THE  
DOCTOR (TROUGHTON)  
STILL IN HIS  
WHEELCHAIR.

THEY ARE STARING  
AT VARL)

CHESSENE: A second Time Lord?

VARL: The Group Marshal has  
taken him prisoner.

DASTARI: Listen!

(THE SOUND OF FURTHER  
SHOTS FROM THE CELLAR.

CHESSENE AND DASTARI  
HURRY OFF, FOLLOWED  
BY VARL.

THE DOCTOR'S EYES  
OPEN. HE WATCHES  
THEM LEAVE. HE LOOKS  
AT HIS HAND, RESTING  
ON THE ARM OF THE  
CHAIR.

WITH A TREMENDOUS  
EFFORT OF WILL, HE  
FORCES HIS FINGERS  
TO OPEN AND SHUT,  
STRUGGLING TO BRING  
LIFE BACK INTO HIS  
PARALYSED MUSCLES)



3. INT. CELLARS.

CHESSENE: Impossible! How could the Time Lords have traced us?

(STIKE BARELY GLANCES  
AT HER, HIS EYES  
SEARCHING EVERY  
CORNER OF THE CELLAR)

STIKE: I tell you one was here, Chessene. I found him examining the Time Module.

CHESSENE: If this is some kind of trick, Stike -

STIKE: It is the truth. I did not do this to myself.

(HE INDICATES THE  
PATCH OF BLOOD ON  
HIS LEG, THE SHAFT  
OF THE KNIFE STILL  
PROTRUDING.

DASTARI'S EYES WIDEN)

DASTARI: The Doctor's companion at the Space Station had such a weapon, Chessene. The same carved, bone handle.

VARL: They must still be down here, sir. We passed nobody.

STIKE: Then this warren must have another exit. Search for it. Waste no more time.



(THEY BEGIN  
EXAMINING  
THE WALLS IN  
THE DARKEST NICHES  
OF THE CELLAR.

IT IS DASTARI WHO  
FINDS THE EXIT -  
A WINE RACK WHICH  
SWINGS ASIDE)

DASTARI: Over here.

(THEY MOVE INTO  
THE STONE PASSAGE)



4. INT. OUTBUILDING.

(THE DOCTOR REACHES  
DOWN THROUGH THE  
TRAP AND HAULS  
JAMIE UP)

JAMIE: They're coming, Doctor.

(THE DOCTOR SLAMS  
DOWN THE TRAP-DOOR  
AND INDICATES AN OLD  
STONE WATER-TROUGH,  
BROKEN AND LAYING ON  
ITS SIDE)

THE DOCTOR: Give me a hand.

(WITH EFFORT, THEY  
DRAG THE TROUGH  
ACROSS THE TRAP)

JAMIE: Let's go.

(THEY HURRY OUT AS  
HAMMERING STARTS  
ON THE TRAP-DOOR)



5. INT. STONE PASSAGE.

(DASTARI COMES  
OFF THE LADDER)

DASTARI: It's no good. They've  
jammed it.

STIKE: Stand aside.

(HE HOLSTERS HIS  
GUN AND GOES TO  
THE LADDER)



TELECINE 2:

Ext. Hacienda. Day.

THE DOCTOR and JAMIE  
run towards the house.

THE DOCTOR: While they're busy  
down there we've got a chance to  
get me-him out ...

With more caution they  
go up the steps and  
slip quietly inside.

END TELECINE 2.



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6. INT. OUTBUILDING.

(THE TRAP DOOR IS  
SLOWLY CREAKING  
UP.

THE HEAVY TROUGH  
BEGINS TO SLIP  
ASIDE)

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7. INT. HALLWAY.

(THE DOCTOR  
(TROUGHTON)  
IS TRYING TO  
MANOEUVRE HIS  
CHAIR WITH A  
PALSIED HAND.

HE LOOKS ROUND  
AS THE DOCTOR  
(BAKER) ENTERS  
WITH JAMIE)

JAMIE: Doctor!

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): Ah,  
there you are, Jamie.

(THE TWO DOCTORS  
EYE EACH OTHER  
IN ALMOST HOSTILE  
FASHION)

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): I've come  
a long way for you.

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): Don't  
expect gratitude. Whatever happens  
to me ultimately affects you.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): Can you move?

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): Not yet.  
My liver is trying to neutralise  
ten millilitres of ethelene-tri-  
sorbin.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): I saw the  
vial.



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JAMIE: Someone's coming!

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): Over there!

(THE DOCTOR (BAKER)  
AND JAMIE CONCEAL  
THEMSELVES BEHIND  
A MASSIVELY CARVED  
CABINET.

SHOCKEYE ENTERS  
CARRYING PERI.

HE GIVES THE  
DOCTOR (TROUGHTON)  
A GENIAL PAT ON  
THE HEAD AS HE  
PASSES)

SHOCKEYE: Wake up, Old Time Lord.  
Supper will soon be served.

(HE GOES ON THROUGH)

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8. INT. OUTBUILDING.

(CHESSENE GOES  
TOWARDS THE DOOR)

CHESSENE: He has escaped.

STIKE: Typical cowardice.

CHESSENE: He'll come back.  
He has to. Dastari, you come  
with me. Stike, you and Varl  
search the area.

(SHE EXITS WITH  
DASTARI)

STIKE: That Androgum has given  
its last order.

VARL: Sir?

STIKE: I have outwitted Chessene.  
The Time Module is now fully  
operational, Major Varl, so you  
and I can return to our unit.

VARL: Excellent news, sir.

STIKE: Come.



8A. INT. HALLWAY.

(THE DOCTOR  
(TROUGHTON)  
FEIGNING  
UNCONSCIOUSNESS  
AS DASTARI EXAMINES  
HIM)

CHESSENE: Now the Time Lords have located us, Dastari, we must move quickly.

DASTARI: The operation cannot be hurried, Chessene.

CHESSENE: I'm aware of that. But I have a contingency plan. It's been in my mind for some time.

DASTARI: What contingency plan?

CHESSENE: To turn this Time Lord into an Androgum. You could do that, I know.

DASTARI: Well ... if I had the genetic material.

CHESSENE: Take it from Shockeye.

DASTARI: Shockeye? What's your intention, Chessene?

CHESSENE: I want you to make a consort for me. Leave him the power of time travel, leave the symbiotic nuclei within him, but turn him into an Androgum by blood and instinct. How long would that take?

9. INT. KITCHEN.

(SHOCKEYE IS  
HAPPILY SHARPENING  
A KNIFE.

HE TESTS THE  
EDGE OF THE BLADE  
AND CROSSES TO  
PERI WHO IS  
LYING ON A  
CHOPPING BENCH.

HE TIPS HER  
CHIN BACK AND  
FINDS THE POINT  
ON HER NECK  
DESTINED FOR THE  
FIRST CUT.

CHESSENE ENTERS)

CHESSENE: I see you caught it.

SHOCKEYE: Of course.

CHESSENE: I want you to help  
Dastari get the Doctor back  
to the operating theatre.

SHOCKEYE: Can't I trim this  
beast first, madam? It will only  
take a few minutes.

CHESSENE: Later, Shockeye. Dastari  
wants to operate immediately.

(SHOCKEYE SIGHS AND  
PUTS THE KNIFE  
DOWN)

SHOCKEYE: If you say so.



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DASTARI: Not long. Two simple operations, first to implant the genetic material and then a second operation to stabilise his condition.

(THE DOCTOR  
(TROUGHTON)  
IS REGISTERING  
THIS.

BEHIND THE CABINET,  
THE DOCTOR (BAKER)  
AND JAMIE ARE ALSO  
EAVESDROPPING)

CHESSENE: Good. Then that is what we must do. I will get Shockeye.

DASTARI: I don't think he'll co-operate. He has firm views on racial purity.

CHESSENE: He won't get the chance to argue.

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TELECINE 3:

Ext. Hacienda. Day.

STIKE is pacing  
slowly up and down.

VARL watches.

STIKE stops and turns  
to him.

STIKE: Orders.

VARL: Sir.

STIKE: Return to the craft and  
contact Sontaran High Command.  
Code the message Most Secret.  
Report that we have possession  
of a functioning time-space  
machine. Request permission  
to use the machine to rejoin  
our unit in the Madillon Cluster.  
Suggest that after the battle the  
machine can be placed at  
the disposal of our technical  
support staff. Is that clear?

VARL: Yes, sir.

STIKE: Wait for acknowledgement,  
then set the craft for self-  
destruction. I intend to  
leave no-one alive here so bring  
two mezon-weapons from the  
armoury.



- 3/20 -

VARL: Mezon-weapons, sir?  
But they are our heaviest  
calibre.

STIKE: I know. But if a job  
is worth doing it is worth  
doing well, Major Varl.

END TELECINE 3.

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10. INT. CELLARS.

(SHOCKEYE AND  
DASTARI LIFT THE  
DOCTOR (TROUGHTON)  
ON TO THE OPERATING  
TABLE.

HE RAISES HIS  
HEAD WITH DIFFICULTY)

THE DOCTOR: You know what  
this precious pair have planned  
for you, Shockeye?

DASTARI: Enough!

SHOCKEYE: What?

(CHESSENE, HER  
GUN SET TO STUN,  
BLASTS HIM IN  
THE BACK.

SHOCKEYE TOPPLES  
SLOWLY FORWARD)

THE DOCTOR: How much lower can  
you sink, Dastari? You plan to  
turn me into that!

CHESSENE: Oh, no, Doctor. Nothing  
so clean and simple. You will  
be my little hybrid creature.  
A once-proud Time Lord grovelling  
at the feet of Chessene o'  
the Franzine Grig! An amusing  
thought, isn't it?

11. INT. KITCHEN.

(THE DOCTOR (BAKER)  
SPRAYS WATER  
OVER PERI'S  
FACE.

JAMIE IS KEEPING  
WATCH AT THE  
DOOR.

PERI COMES ROUND,  
SPLUTTERING)

PERI: Oh, my head! ... What  
happened? Where am I?

THE DOCTOR: You're all right Peri.  
Can you stand?

PERI: I think so.

THE DOCTOR: Come on, then.  
We've got to get out of  
here.

(HE HELPS HER  
UP AND PROPELS  
HER FROM THE  
ROOM)



12. INT. CELLARS.

(SHOCKEYE LIES  
IN A MACHINE.

SHINING FLEXIBLE  
LINES COIL OUT  
OF THE MACHINE  
CASING AND ARE  
CONNECTED TO THE  
DOCTOR'S (TROUGHTON'S)  
FOREHEAD, CHEST  
AND ARMS THROUGH  
APERTURES IN  
THE GREEN SHROUD  
TOTALLY COVERING  
HIS BODY.

DASTARI MAKES SOME  
FINAL ADJUSTMENTS  
AND THEN THROWS  
A SWITCH.

THE MACHINE PULSES  
WITH POWER.

THE FLEXIBLE LINES  
VIBRATE.

THE DOCTOR STIFFENS  
AS THE GENETIC  
FORCE FLOWS INTO  
HIM)

CHESSENE: How long?

DASTARI: A few minutes. It is  
essentially the same operation  
I have performed many times on  
you.

CHESSENE: But this time in  
reverse. This time you taking  
from an Androgum rather than  
augmenting one.

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DASTARI: The principle is no different. What will you do when Stike discovers the plan has been changed?

CHESSENE: I have no further use for Stike. He and his underling must be destroyed.

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TELECINE 4:

Ext. Hacienda Grounds.  
Day.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER)  
reaches the cover  
of the trees with  
JAMIE and PERI.

They drop to the  
ground, panting  
from their exertions.

JAMIE: What now? They've  
still got the Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: And they're turning  
us into an Androgum. We have to  
stop them somehow.

JAMIE: How long will it take?

THE DOCTOR: You heard Dastari.  
Just two operations ... I thought  
Stike would have acted by  
now!

PERI: Is Stike the Sontaran?

THE DOCTOR: That's right. And  
it doesn't usually take Sontarans  
this long to double-cross  
someone.

PERI: What do you mean,  
Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: I mean Stike thinks  
he has a functioning time-  
machine. (cont...)



THE DOCTOR: (cont) He won't have told Chessene, of course, because he'll be hoping to steal it for the Sontarans. And I would expect him to try to kill both her and Dastari before he leaves. During the confusion we might be able to reach the Doctor. So why isn't my plan working?

JAMIE: Your plan?

THE DOCTOR: Exactly. Jamie, you don't think someone of Stike's build can sneak up behind me without my hearing them, do you?

JAMIE: You mean you knew he was there?

THE DOCTOR: (NODS) That's why I said what I did. None of it was strictly true. In fact most of it was entirely untrue. But he believed it because I was talking to you.

JAMIE: But the machine worked! I saw it.

THE DOCTOR: Oh, yes, it worked for me. But it won't work for him because I've got the briode-nebuliser.

He takes it from his pocket with a triumphant grin.

THE DOCTOR: If he tries to operate that machine without this the results should be worth seeing. The Sontarans will have a vacancy for a Group Marshal.

END TELECINE 4.

13. INT. SPACESHIP.

(VARL CROSSES THE  
CABIN AND OPENS  
A PANEL ON THE  
HYPER-DRIVE SHAFT.

HE PULLS OUT  
THREE POWER-BARS  
AND LAYS THEM ON  
THE DECK.

HE RETURNS TO  
THE CONTROL  
CONSOLE AND OPENS  
THE BURNER AND  
VAPOURISER QUADRANT  
LEVERS.

THERE IS A  
LOW RUMBLE OF  
POWER.

VARL LOOKS ROUND  
THE CABIN, MAKING  
A FINAL CHECK.

THEN HE PICKS UP  
THE MEZON-WEAPONS  
AND EXITS)

14. INT. CELLARS.

(DASTARI SWITCHES  
OFF THE MACHINE)

DASTARI: I have given the  
Time Lord a fifty per cent  
Androgum inheritance. Within  
an hour that will become the  
dominant genetic factor  
and I can then stabilise his  
cell structure.

CHESSENE: Before then we must  
deal with the Sontarans.

DASTARI: How? The probic  
vent is their only  
vulnerable point.

CHESSENE: Coronic acid kills  
them. The Rutans decimated  
them at Vollotha with coronic  
acid shells.

DASTARI: But we haven't -

CHESSENE: I had three canisters  
prepared before we left the  
Station.

DASTARI: So you planned for  
this?

CHESSENE: Of course. (cont...)



CHESSENE: (cont) Go and find them, Dastari. They'll still be searching the grounds. I'll tell you how we bait the trap.

(HER VOICE FADES AWAY AS THEY EXIT.

SHOCKEYE STIRS.

HE TRIES TO SIT UP. FINDS HIMSELF HAMPERED BY THE MACHINE.

HE GIVES A ROAR OF RAGE AND IN A DEMONSTRATION OF AWESOME STRENGTH HE BENDS IT ASIDE.

THEN, STILL GRUNTING WITH FURY, HE BEGINS RIPPING IT TO PIECES)

SHOCKEYE: Chessene, you have betrayed me! You have fouled the blood of the Quawncing Grig!

(HE RIPS OFF THE SHROUD COVERING THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON).

HE IS LYING THERE DREAMILY, EYES OPEN, Slobbering.

HIS FACE HAS CHANGED AND BECOME BRUTAL.

HE HAS A LOW, SLOPING FOREHEAD AND A BULGING BROW-RIDGE)

THE DOCTOR: Caipercaizies in brandy sauce.

SHOCKEYE: What?

THE DOCTOR: With a stuffing of black pudding, made of fresh pig's blood with herbs and pepper. And the breast of the bird should be slit and studded with truffles.

(SHOCKEYE STARES  
AT HIM WITH  
A FLICKER OF  
INTEREST)

SHOCKEYE: What are caipercaizies, you Time Lord mongrel?

THE DOCTOR: The biggest, fattest, juiciest of birds that ever graced a roasting dish.

SHOCKEYE: You know the cuisine of this planet?

THE DOCTOR: Of course I know it! I've eaten pressed duck at the Tour D'Argent that would make you cry with pleasure. They are all just nine weeks old. They are fed only on corn, fruit pulp and molasses. They are exquisite, Shockeye! Why am I thinking of food?

SHOCKEYE: Because you are now an Androgum. But listen - could you lead me to one of these eating places to sample the local dishes?

THE DOCTOR: Why not? (SITS UP)  
Of course, you'd need proper clothes. A collar and tie, at least.

SHOCKEYE: I know where there are clothes. Come with me.

THE DOCTOR: Chessene isn't going to like this.

SHOCKEYE: Chessene is no longer a true Androgum. She can go about her affairs and I'll go about mine.

THE DOCTOR: I wonder if we can savour langoustines al noille - that's fat, luscious crayfish tails grilled on one side only and bubbling in a cream and coriander sauce?

SHOCKEYE: Doctor, I beg you - don't go on.

(THEY EXIT)



TELECINE 5:

Ext. Hacienda Grounds.  
Day.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER)  
pulls JAMIE and  
PERI deeper into  
the shrubbery.

THE DOCTOR: At last! Action,  
I think.

STIKE and VARL  
come past carrying  
their bulky mezon-  
weapons.

ANOTHER ANGLE:

DASTARI steps round  
the corner of the  
outbuilding.

DASTARI: Stike! This way.

VARL starts to  
raise his gun.

STIKE stays him with  
a casual wave.

STIKE: Not yet. Chessene  
first. She's the more dangerous.  
(cont...)

THE DOCTOR and CO.  
hear this.

THE DOCTOR motions  
and they start to  
trail the SONTARANS  
through the bushes.

STIKE: (cont) What is it,  
Dastari?

DASTARI: The Time Lord has  
returned. We saw him from  
the house.

STIKE: Where is he?

DASTARI: He's entered the  
passage. Chessene is waiting  
in the cellars. If you go  
in at this end we have  
him trapped.

STIKE exchanges a  
glance with VARL.

STIKE: Very well. Tell  
Chessene we'll wait two  
minutes and then enter.

DASTARI: She wants him taken  
alive if possible.

STIKE: Of course.

DASTARI hurries away.

STIKE and VARL enter  
the outbuilding.

ANOTHER ANGLE:

PERI: What's happening?

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THE DOCTOR: A double double-  
cross, I should think.  
The situation gets more  
interesting by the minute.

END TELECINE 5.

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15. INT. OUTBUILDING.

(STIKE AND VARL  
STAND BY THE  
TRAP-DOOR ENTRANCE)

VARL: Do we go in, sir?

STIKE: Certainly. If the Time Lord has been foolhardy enough to return we can take him captive and use him to put the Rassilon imprimature on many other machines. Think of it, major. A Sontaran time squadron could strike the Rutans without warning - in any part of the universe!

VARL: That is a brilliant tactical concept, sir. The High Command must already be thinking of you as their future Commander-in-Chief.

STIKE: Oh, I don't know, Varl. There are many officers senior to me in rank and experience, you know.

VARL: Everyone in the Ninth Battle Group believes you should get it, sir.

STIKE: Well, we'll see. The capture of a working time machine certainly won't harm my chances.

(STIKE MOTIONS TO  
VARL TO PRECEDE  
HIM INTO THE  
TRAP-DOOR.

VARL PUTS HIS  
MEZON-WEAPON  
ON THE FLOOR  
AND LOWERS HIMSELF  
ON TO THE  
LADDER.

AFTER HE HAS  
GONE, STIKE HANDS  
HIS OWN GUN DOWN  
AND FOLLOWS.

THERE IS A  
MOVEMENT IN  
A JUNK-FILLED CORNER  
OF THE ROOM.

CHESSENE COMES  
OUT CLUTCHING  
THREE LARGE, RED  
CANISTERS.

SHE SCREWS DOWN  
THE DETONATORS  
AND HURLS THEM INTO  
THE SHAFT, KICKING  
THE TRAP-DOOR  
SHUT)

16. INT. STONE PASSAGE.

(THE FIRST CANISTER  
EXPLODES BEHIND  
VARL AND STIKE.

THEY SPIN ROUND.

VARL RAISES HIS  
MEZON-WEAPON AND  
FIRES A THUNDEROUS  
ROUND AT THE  
TRAP-DOOR)



17. INT. OUTBUILDING.

(THE MEZON ROUND  
SHATTERS THE TRAP  
DOOR IN FRAGMENTS.

CHESSENE FLINCHES  
BACK)

18. INT. STONE PASSAGE.

(THE REMAINING  
CANISTERS EXPLODE  
AND VARL IS DELUGED  
IN ACID RAIN.

HE IS STILL  
TRYING TO SHOOT  
AS HIS TISSUES  
BURST INTO FLAME.

HE GIVES A HOLLOW  
HOWL OF PAIN.

STIKE IS STAGGERING  
AWAY.

HE FALLS BUT  
DOGGEDLY KEEPS  
ON CRAWLING,  
DISTANCING HIMSELF  
FROM THE DEADLY  
ACID)

TELECINE 6:

Ext. Hacienda Grounds.  
Day.

The boom of the mezon  
weapon.

VARL can be heard  
screaming.

Then the screaming  
dies away and stops.

CHESSENE comes out of  
the outbuilding and  
hurries back towards  
the house.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): It looks  
as though Chessene's won.

JAMIE: What d'you think she  
did?

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): Coronic  
acid, at a guess. The Rutans  
developed it because it's  
especially effective against  
cloned tissue. Up to now  
the Sontarans haven't come up  
with an answer.

PERI tugs his  
sleeve.

PERI: Doctor.

PERI points.

CHESSENE is entering  
the house as SHOCKEYE  
and THE DOCTOR  
(TROUGHTON) come round  
its side into the  
courtyard.

SHOCKEYE is wearing  
the old tail-coat  
and a cravat.

The incongruous pair  
make their way out  
of the grounds.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): Well, well.  
Now where can they be going?

JAMIE: They look quite  
friendly.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER)  
narrows his eyes  
to see better.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): Dastari's  
given him an Androgum injection.  
His features are totally  
changed.

PERI: What are we going to  
do?

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): Follow.  
Watch for a chance to separate  
them. Come on.

END TELECINE 6.



19. INT. CELLARS.

(DASTARI AND CHESSENE  
STARE AT THE  
WRECKED APPARATUS)

CHESSENE: This is Shockeye's  
doing!

DASTARI: Where have they  
gone?

CHESSENE: That's obvious.  
Shockeye is always ravenous  
and the Doctor has absorbed  
the Quawncing Grig genes.  
They're hunting food.

DASTARI: Chessene, if the  
Doctor isn't stabilised  
within the hour ...

CHESSENE: He'll reject the  
transfusion. I'm well  
aware of that, Dastari.

DASTARI: We must find them.

CHESSENE: Wait ... On this  
planet there is little  
hunting. The Dona Arana  
remembers many restaurants  
in Seville. That is where  
we shall find them.

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DASTARI: Restaurants?

CHESSENE: Places where food  
is served for a fee. Come.

(THEY HURRY OFF.

STIKE IS LYING  
IN THE OUTER  
CELLAR.

HE WATCHES THEM  
PASS)

STIKE: Treacherous hag! ... I  
shall return to destroy that  
Androgum filth ...

(HE CLAWS HIS  
WAY UP THE WALL  
AND, SWAYING DRUNKENLY  
MAKES HIS WAY TO  
THE INNER CELLAR)

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TELECINE 7:

Ext. Country Road.  
Day.

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON)  
and SHOCKEYE are  
stepping out towards  
Seville.

They are being  
shadowed by THE DOCTOR  
(BAKER) and his  
COMPANIONS.

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): Quail  
pate, I think, Shockeye,  
followed by a bisque de crevetes.  
Then a few juicy T-bone steaks  
washed down by an ample  
sufficiency of Monthelier.  
After that we can get down to  
business.

SHOCKEYE: Can't we walk a little  
quicker?

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): Wait -  
something's coming.

A dusty farm truck  
comes trundling along  
the road.

THE DOCTOR and  
SHOCKEYE flag it  
down.

It stops with a squeal  
of brakes.

THE SPANISH FARMER  
driving it leans  
out.

FARMER: (IN SPANISH) Is  
something wrong, Senor?

SHOCKEYE reaches up  
and catches him by  
the throat. He drags  
him out of the truck  
and breaks his neck  
with a casual twist.

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON)  
watches with amusement.

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): There  
is now.

SHOCKEYE throws the  
limp BODY into the  
ditch.

SHOCKEYE: Can you work this  
machine?

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): Of  
course. Get in, my friend,  
we shall be in Seville in  
five minutes.

The truck rattles  
off along the road.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER)  
and COMPANY watch  
in dismay.



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PERI: Now what do we do?

THE DOCTOR: Run. We can't  
let them get too far ahead.

They set off at  
a quick jog.

JAMIE: I canna' believe that  
was the Doctor - just standing  
there letting that wee man  
get killed.

THE DOCTOR: Right now, I'm  
afraid, he's eighty per cent  
Androgum. By the time the  
effect reaches me it'll be  
close to a hundred per cent.

PERI: Reaches you?

THE DOCTOR: It will - unless  
we can save him. I'm already  
feeling ... changes.

Both PERI and JAMIE  
look at him worriedly.

They keep running.

END TELECINE 7.

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20. INT. CELLARS.

(STIKE TAKES THE  
CONTROL BOX FROM  
OUTSIDE THE KIOSK  
AND CONNECTS IT  
TO THE CONSOLE  
INSIDE.

HE CLOSES THE  
KIOSK DOOR AND  
TAKES HIS PLACE  
AT THE DRIVE CENTRE.

THE CORONIC ACID IS  
STILL AFFECTING HIM  
AND HIS MOVEMENTS  
ARE SHAKY AND  
UNCERTAIN.

HE SETS THE CONTROLS  
AND PRESSES THE  
VAPOURISER IGNITION.

THE MODULE EMITS  
ITS FAMILIAR NOISE  
AND STARTS TO  
VIBRATE TOWARDS  
DE-MAT SPEED.

STIKE IS HIT BY  
THE SHATTERING  
VAPOURISATION FORCES  
AND PRESSED BACK  
INTO HIS SEAT.

HE GIVES A CRY,  
GHASTLY IN ITS  
AGONY.

PIECES BEGIN TO  
FALL OFF HIM REVEALING  
UNPLEASANT GREEN  
FLESH.

POWER IS ARCING  
ACROSS THE GAP IN  
THE REAR PANEL WHERE  
THE BRIODE-NEBULISER  
SHOULD BE.

STIKE FORCES HIS  
HAND FORWARD AND  
CUTS THE VAPOURISER  
IGNITION. THE  
TURMOIL QUIETENS  
AND STOPS.

STIKE FALLS FROM  
HIS SEAT TO THE  
FLOOR.

AFTER A TIME,  
SHUDDERING WITH  
EFFORT, HE DRAGS  
HIMSELF FROM THE  
KIOSK.

HE IS WORKING NOW  
ONLY ON THE DEEP  
SEATED SONTARAN  
INSTINCT FOR  
SURVIVAL)

STIKE: My craft ...

(HE FINALLY MANAGES  
TO GET TO HIS  
FEET AND LURCHES  
FROM THE CELLAR)

21. INT. SPACESHIP.

(THE FORMER LOW  
PITCHED RUMBLE  
HAS RISEN TO A  
SCREAM.

THE OPEN PANEL  
ON THE HYPER  
DRIVE SHAFT IS A  
PULSING, WHITE  
HOT FURNACE.

THE CRAFT IS ABOUT  
TO EXPLODE.

STIKE TOTTERS IN  
FALLS, CRAWLS WITH  
THE LAST DREGS OF HIS  
STRENGTH TO THE  
CONSOLE AND REACHES  
OUT A HAND TO SHUT  
DOWN THE QUADRANT  
LEVER)



TELECINE 8:

Ext. Hacienda Grounds.  
Day.

*STONE runs behind  
house.*

~~Behind~~ Behind the house and  
just beyond the olive  
trees there is a huge  
explosion. Bits of  
spacecraft soar into  
the air. The torn,  
lower half of a Sontaran  
leg hits the ground  
in front of CAMERA.

As the echoes of the  
explosion fade, a pall  
of black smoke rises  
over the tree tops.

END TELECINE 8.

TELECINE 9:

Ext. Seville Streets.  
Day.

Probably the Arab  
Quarter.

The streets are narrow,  
more in the nature of  
passages between the  
old buildings, and there  
is no traffic.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER) and  
his COMPANIONS hurry  
breathlessly INTO SHOT  
and stop to look around.

JAMIE: We'll never find him  
here, Doctor.

PERI: It's like a maze.

THE DOCTOR: Look ...

He hurries across to  
where the hi-jacked  
truck stands abandoned  
and feels the radiator.

THE DOCTOR: They can't be more  
than a minute or so ahead of us.

He stands with his  
head cocked, concentrating,  
then he points.

THE DOCTOR: This way, I think.

PERI: How do you know?

THE DOCTOR: Peri, it is me we're following.

He heads off towards  
some narrow steps.

PERI: I still don't understand it.

THE DOCTOR: What?

JAMIE: That you and the Doctor,  
my Doctor, can be the same  
person.

THE DOCTOR: Well, of course  
we aren't the same! You only  
have to look to see how my  
sartorial taste has improved,  
for instance.

PERI: But how can two of you  
be together at the same point  
in space and time?

THE DOCTOR: Pure chance.  
When you travel as much as I  
do it's almost inevitable that  
you'll run into yourself  
at some point.

They emerge on a high  
vantage point.  
Look round.

PAN SHOT from their  
POV.

TWO DISTANT FIGURES  
crossing a square  
or courtyard.

JAMIE: There they are!

ZOOM IN ON SHOCKEYE  
and THE DOCTOR  
(TROUGHTON).

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): Quick!

They race off.

ANOTHER ANGLE:  
SHOCKEYE and THE  
DOCTOR.

SHOCKEYE: Personally I have  
never seen the necessity for  
starting a meal with - what  
was your word?

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): Hors  
d'oeuvres.

SHOCKEYE: Quite unnecessary,  
in my opinion. A concession  
to gluttony. Eight or nine  
main dishes should be enough  
for anyone.

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): Well,  
on this planet it is the custom.  
All the greatest chefs - Careme  
Brillat Savarin, the noble  
Escoffier - agree one should  
begin with a light dish.  
Something to bring relish to  
the appetite. Pate de fois  
gras de Strasbourg en croute, for  
instance, or a serving of Belon  
oysters. (cont ...)

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): (cont)  
Even a simple salad with  
artichoke hearts and country  
ham will suffice to get the  
digestive juices flowing.

SHOCKEYE: All these delights  
that you speak of ... How much  
further is this place?

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): Just  
round the next corner if I  
remember rightly.

ANOTHER ANGLE: THE  
DOCTOR (BAKER)  
leading his troops  
down an alley.

He stops suddenly  
and then jumps back.

They dart into the  
shadow of an archway.

DASTARI and CHESSENE  
pass the end of the  
alley.

WE TRACK WITH THEM.

DASTARI goes up  
the steps of a  
restaurant and looks  
inside. He shakes  
his head and returns  
to join CHESSENE in  
the street.

They move on.

ANGLE ON THE DOCTOR  
(BAKER) watching from  
a corner with PERI  
and JAMIE.



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THE DOCTOR (BAKER): They're checking the restaurants. Something we should have thought of.

PERI: They were heading that way the last time we saw them.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): Yes, come on. We must find him before Chessene does ...

They hurry off.

END TELECINE 9.

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22. INT. RESTAURANT.

(ANITA SITS AT  
THE TILL.

THE ROOM IS  
SOFTLY LIT, A  
PLACE OF OLD  
FASHIONED SPACE  
AND COMFORT, ITS  
TABLES IN ALCOVES  
IN THE MOORISH  
STYLE.

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON)  
AND SHOCKEYE ENTER.

OSCAR, NOW IN  
EVENING ATTIRE,  
SWOOPS FORWARD  
TO GREET THEM)

OSCAR: Welcome to La Pirandella,  
messieurs. How delightful  
to see ...

(REACTS SLIGHTLY  
AS HE GETS A GOOD  
GANDER AT  
SHOCKEYE)

... gentlemen of the old school.  
May I enquire if you have a  
booking?

SHOCKEYE: Booking? I want  
food!

OSCAR: No reservation? Well, come this way, sir. Fortunately I have an excellent table for you.

(SHOCKEYE AND  
THE DOCTOR EASE  
INTO A CUBICLE  
AS OSCAR SIGNALS  
A WAITER)

Juan, attend to these gentlemen.

(THE WAITER OFFERS  
MENU CARDS)

SHOCKEYE: Do you serve humans here?

OSCAR: Most of the time, sir. Oh, yes, I would venture to say that most of our customers are certainly human.

SHOCKEYE: I mean human meat, you fawning imbecile!

(OSCAR KEEPS HIS  
SMILE INTACT)

OSCAR: No, sir. The nouvelle cuisine has not yet penetrated this establishment.

(HE BOWS AND  
RETREATS)

THE DOCTOR: Show me the wine list.

TELECINE 10:

Ext. Seville Streets. Day.

PERI comes out of a  
shabby bistro and  
hurries across a  
square to catch  
JAMIE and THE DOCTOR  
(BAKER).

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): No luck?

PERI: Just a lot of Arabs and  
Germans eating couscous.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): It didn't  
look the kind of place. They'll  
have gone somewhere more elaborate.

He stops and peers  
into a side alley.

JAMIE: What's wrong?

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): There's a  
cat, look.

PERI: What about it?

THE DOCTOR has a  
strange, glazed  
expression.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): They say  
there's more than one way to skin  
a cat. But the best way is to  
chop its head, legs and tail off.  
Then you simply strip its jacket  
back from the shoulders. (cont ...)

PERI and JAMIE  
exchange a look.

THE DOCTOR sets off  
down the alley, hand  
extended enticingly.

THE DOCTOR: (cont) Here,  
pussy. Come here, puss ...

PERI catches him by  
the arm.

PERI: Doctor, what are you doing?

THE DOCTOR: They make  
quite good eating. Most small  
mammals are most flavoursome when  
they're baked ...

He sways dizzily and  
holds his head.

PERI: What are you saying? I  
don't understand ...

THE DOCTOR supports  
himself against a  
wall. He shakes  
his head.

THE DOCTOR: I thought it  
would happen! We're turning into  
Androgums ...

PERI: You can't!

JAMIE: You're not an Androgum,  
you're a Time Lord! Get a hold  
of yourself, Doctor!



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THE DOCTOR: Yes ... Yes,  
you're right. I'm a Time Lord.

There is a fountain or  
drinking bowl nearby.

THE DOCTOR goes heavily  
to it and sluices his  
face with water. He  
straightens.

JAMIE: Are you all right now?

THE DOCTOR: Yes ... Yes,  
I'm all right. For the moment.

ANOTHER ANGLE:  
They come to another  
small street.

DASTARI and CHESSENE are  
walking purposefully out  
of it.

They dodge back and watch  
from behind a Moorish  
grille as DASTARI and  
CHESSENE hurry past.

THE DOCTOR: They've covered  
that street - so we'll take this one.

HIGH SHOT of them moving  
down the chosen street.

CLOSE ON a restaurant  
facade.

PERI: La Pirandello. Isn't that  
where Oscar works?

JAMIE: Aye, I think that was the  
name. Mind, there seems to be more  
places to eat in this town than you'd  
find fleas on a dog.

THE DOCTOR, PERI and JAMIE  
head towards the restaurant.

END TELECINE 10.

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23. INT. RESTAURANT.

(THE DOCTOR AND  
SHOCKEYE ARE  
SPRAWLED AT  
THEIR TABLE, STILL  
GLUTTONOUSLY  
STUFFING FROM THE  
ARRAY OF DISHES  
CRAMMED AROUND  
THEM.

ANITA IS TALKING  
SOMEWHAT ANXIOUSLY  
TO OSCAR.

SHOWS HIM A BILL)

OSCAR: What on earth have they  
had? Nobody can run up a bill  
for two thousand six hundred  
pesetas!

ANITA: They've had quenelles,  
ortolons and crevettes. They had  
the truffled goose with almonds,  
the wild boar with Grand Veneur  
sauce, saddle of venison with  
chocolate, eight t-bone steaks  
and an entire fieldfare pie.

OSCAR: A whole pie? That's  
twelve servings!

ANITA: They've just ordered a  
dozen breasts of pigeon -  
probably to help down the last  
of their dozen bottles of wine.

OSCAR: What a Gargantuan repast!  
It's incredible - and they're still  
eating!

ANITA: I think they should start paying, Oscar.

OSCAR: Yes. Well, leave it to me.

(HE TAKES THE BILL  
AND APPROACHES THE  
TABLE)

I trust everything was to your satisfaction, gentlemen?

SHOCKEYE: Tolerable.

OSCAR: Well, may I say, sir, what a pleasure it has been to see such dedicated trenchermen enjoying their food. Unfortunately, the reckoning is rather high.

(HE PUTS THE BILL  
ON THE TABLE)

SHOCKEYE: What is this?

OSCAR: It is the amount you owe, sir.

(SHOCKEYE LOOKS  
AT THE DOCTOR)

SHOCKEYE: Do you understand this?

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): He's asking for money.

SHOCKEYE: Money?

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): Tokens of exchange.

SHOCKEYE: Oh! This is our tally?

(HE TAPS THE BILL)

OSCAR: Yes, sir.

(SHOCKEYE FUMBLES  
IN HIS POCKET AND  
PRODUCES A CRUMPLED  
NOTE)

SHOCKEYE: Here.

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): Keep the change.

OSCAR: I'm sorry, sir. I can see you are a wit as well as a bon vivant. But this, whatever it is, is not acceptable.

SHOCKEYE: That is a twenty narg note. You can change that anywhere in the nine planets.

OSCAR: It's not acceptable here, sir.

SHOCKEYE: (TO THE DOCTOR) Do you have money?

THE DOCTOR: (SLEEPY)  
What? Oh, money! Yes, let me see ...  
I keep the stuff in one of these  
pockets ... Ah, here's some money.

(HE THROWS A WAD  
OF NOTES ON THE  
TABLE.)

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OSCAR PICKS THROUGH  
THE WAD OF NOTES)

OSCAR: This isn't money.

THE DOCTOR: Of course  
it's money!

SHOCKEYE: Take it and leave us  
alone!

OSCAR: I don't know where you  
got all this. The only one I  
recognise is five dollars in  
Confederate currency and that  
hasn't been legal since 1865!

SHOCKEYE: Send this whimpering  
ninny away!

OSCAR: Sir, if this is a joke it  
has gone on long enough. If you  
don't wish to pay cash we can  
accept any recognised credit card.

(SHOCKEYE RISES  
PONDEROUSLY)

SHOCKEYE: I'll pay you - with  
this!

(HE PRODUCES A  
GUN.

OSCAR STARES AT  
HIM AND BACKS AWAY)

Your whining importunacy has  
acidised my digestive juices!

(HE SHOOTS OSCAR IN  
THE STOMACH.

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OSCAR FALLS BACK  
ACROSS THE TABLE.

ANITA SCREAMS.

WAITERS AND DINERS  
SCATTER.

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON)  
HAS FALLEN INTO A  
HEAVY SLEEP.

SHOCKEYE HEADS FOR  
THE REAR OF THE  
RESTAURANT.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER)  
RUNS IN WITH PERI  
AND JAMIE)

PERI: Oscar!

(THEY RUN TO WHERE  
HE IS ROLLING AND  
GROANING ON THE  
TABLE)

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): What  
happened?

OSCAR: Ah, officer. Promptly on  
the scene as always.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): Let me see  
that.

(HE OPENS OSCAR'S  
SHIRT AND LOOKS  
AT THE WOUND.

OSCAR COUGHS  
PAINFULLY)

OSCAR: A ridiculous thing to  
happen. Dissatisfied customers  
usually just don't leave a tip.

PERI: What do you think?

(THE DOCTOR (BAKER)  
CLOSES OSCAR'S SHIRT  
AND SHAKES HIS HEAD.

ANITA COMES UP)

ANITA: You're going to be all  
right, Oscar. I've called for  
an ambulance and the Guardia Civil.

OSCAR: No, I fear this is  
Botcherby's last curtain call.  
The world will never see my ...  
my definitive Hamlet now.

PERI: We will. We'll all be  
there on the first night, Oscar.

OSCAR: To die, to sleep; To  
sleep, perchance to dream ... Where  
are you, Anita?

ANITA: I'm here.

(HE LOOKS UP AT  
HER WITH SIGHTLESS  
EYES. AND WHISPERS:)

OSCAR: Please take care of my  
beautiful moths.

(HIS EYES CLOSE AND  
HE DIES.

JAMIE IS BENT OVER  
THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON)

JAMIE: Doctor, something's  
happening to the Doctor! Look  
at his face!

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(THE ANDROGUM  
FEATURES ARE  
SMOOTHING OUT  
AS THE DOCTOR  
(TROUGHTON)  
RETURNS TO  
NORMAL)

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): He's  
rejecting the Androgum  
implantation.

(HE SHAKES THE  
DOCTOR (TROUGHTON)  
BY THE SHOULDER.

THE DOCTOR  
(TROUGHTON)  
LOOKS UP)

Can you walk?

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): (TESTILY)  
You always seem concerned about  
whether I can walk or not! Of  
course I can walk!

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): Then it's  
time we left.

(THEY HELP HIM UP  
AND MOVE OFF,  
LEAVING ANITA  
HOLDING OSCAR)

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TELECINE 11:

Ext. Restaurant. Day.

Sirens are wailing  
nearer as THE DOCTORS  
et al emerge from the  
building.

They start off in  
separate directions,  
then turn back with  
a mutual glare.

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): This way.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): Follow me.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): Now look!  
You got me into this mess.

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): We've  
no time to argue. How did Jamie  
get here?

JAMIE: He brought me.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): I saved him  
after you'd abandoned him.

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): I did  
not abandon him. I -

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): We've no  
time to argue.

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): I've  
already said that.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): I know I have.

PERI: Will you two please stop squabbling? Let's go that way.

She points in a third direction. But as they move off CHESSENE and DASTARI step from behind a colonade (if available).

CHESSENE shows a gun.

CHESSENE: No, you'll come this way. We have some unfinished business to attend to.

END TELECINE 11.



24. INT. HALLWAY.

(SHOCKEYE ENTERS.

THE HALLWAY IS  
A MESS OF BROKEN  
PLASTER AND SHARDS  
OF GLASS.

HE LOOKS FROM ONE  
OF THE BROKEN  
WINDOWS.

HIS P.O.V.:)

TELECINE 12:

Ext. Hacienda. Day.

THE DOCTORS, PERI  
and JAMIE being  
herded across the  
courtyard under  
the guns of DASTARI  
and CHESSENE.

END TELECINE 12.

24A. INT. HALLWAY.

(SHOCKEYE SMILES.  
HE GOES TO THE  
DOOR AND OPENS  
IT.

THE PRISONERS  
ARE DRIVEN IN  
AT GUN-POINT.

SHOCKEYE CLOSES  
THE DOOR BEHIND  
THEM AS THEY  
STARE AROUND  
AT THE MESS)

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): If she was  
my chatelaine, I'd sack her, Dastari.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): Disgusting,  
isn't it?

CHESSENE: Shockeye, what has  
happened here?

SHOCKEYE: It would seem that Group  
Marshal Stike vapourised his  
spacecraft, madam - and himself.  
I found this.

(HE HOLDS OUT  
THE TORN SONTARAN  
LEG)

DASTARI: So he survived the  
coronic acid...

CHESSENE: Obviously. (MOTIONS  
WITH HER GUN) Down to the cellars.  
You know the way, I think.

25. INT. CELLARS.

(THEY ENTER THE  
CELLARS.

CHESSENE LOOKS  
AT THE KIOSK,  
ITS DOOR HANGING  
OPEN)

CHESSENE: The control box has been  
moved. If Stike had the stupidity  
to interfere -

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): Well, he  
was in rather a hurry to get to  
the Madillon Cluster.

CHESSENE: Is it damaged?

DASTARI: I can't see any structural  
damage. But the briode-nebuliser is  
missing.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): Do you mean  
this?

(CHESSENE TAKES IT  
FROM HIM)

CHESSENE: Why did you remove it?

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): Because it  
contains my symbiotic print.

(CHESSENE STARES  
AT HIM DEEPLY)

CHESSENE: As I read your mind,  
you tell the truth. Why?

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): Don't say  
any more!

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): Why not? We're  
beaten, you know. They'll get the  
sympiotic nuclei one way or another.

DASTARI: The Rassilon imprimature!  
I always believed that to be one  
of your Time Lord myths.

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): Why are  
you telling them everything?

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): Well, you might  
like being dissected but it doesn't  
appeal to me.

(CHESSENE HANDS THE  
BRIODE-NEBULISER  
TO DASTARI)

CHESSENE: Return this to the  
machine.

DASTARI: How did your Time Lord  
imprint get into this?

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): Stike learned  
how to initiate symbiosis. He  
forced me to use the machine.

CHESSENE: There is a simple way of  
testing whether you are still trying  
to deceive us...Come, girl.

(SHE DRAGS PERI  
OVER TO THE KIOSK.)



PERI GIVES THE DOCTOR  
(BAKER) A FRIGHTENED  
LOOK. HE NODS  
REASSURINGLY))

CHESSENE: (cont) Now we shall see.

(SHE OPERATES THE  
CONTROLS. THE  
KIOSK YOWLS AND  
VIBRATES.

PERI AND THE  
KIOSK DEMATERIALISE)

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): There you are.

DASTARI: Kartz and Reimer  
experimented like this many times.  
The subjects always vapourised into  
the time stream.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): Peri won't.  
And she hasn't any symbiotic  
nuclei, I can assure you.

(CHESSENE MAKES AN  
ADJUSTMENT TO THE  
CONTROL BOX.

THE TARDIS SOUND.

THEN THE KIOSK  
RE-APPEARS WITH  
PERI SITTING  
RIGIDLY INSIDE.

CHESSENE OPENS  
THE DOOR)

CHESSENE: Out.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): Satisfied?

CHESSENE: Chain these creatures up.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): Chain us up?  
After I've just handed you the  
power of time travel on a plate?  
Come on, Chessene, show a little  
gratitude.

CHESSENE: The only gratitude I will  
show is to kill you much more quickly  
than would otherwise have been the  
case.

SHOCKEYE: Madam, before we leave  
let me cook one of the humans.

CHESSENE: Didn't you state your  
appetite sufficiently in the city?

SHOCKEYE: A mere snack. You  
promised we could have a human  
before leaving earth.

CHESSENE: Well, if it would please  
you. Which do you want?

SHOCKEYE: I'll take the jack.

(HE HOOKS JAMIE  
ROUND THE NECK)

JAMIE: Get your hands off!

SHOCKEYE: Steady, my beauty...  
Oh, there's some juicy meat  
on this one, Chessene.

(HE EXITS DRAGGING  
JAMIE LIKE A  
STEER.

DASTARI IS SECURING  
MANACLES TO THE LEGS  
OF THE DOCTORS AND  
PERI WHILE CHESSENE  
KEEPS THEM COVERED)

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): You must  
be proud of yourself, Dastari.  
You won the Cantharide Prize for  
your work on cell therapy - and  
now you're putting your gifts to  
the service of criminal megalomaniacs  
and blood-crazed carnivores.

(DASTARI AVOIDS THE  
DOCTOR'S EYE. HE  
PUTS THE KEY ON  
THE OPERATING  
TABLE AND EXITS  
WITH CHESSENE)

I can't get through to him. He's  
a changed personaltiy.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): Chessene must  
have him under some kind of hypnotic  
control. She was digging into my  
mind to get at the truth and it  
was all I could do to resist her.

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): Well,  
you made her suspicious by knuckling  
under so easily. A poor bit of  
acting, I thought. I presume  
you've sabotaged the briode-  
nebuliser?

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): Pared the  
interface. How did you guess?

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): Perfectly  
obvious. It's what I'd have done.

PERI: But it - it worked, didn't  
it?

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): I left a thin membrane so that it would work once. I knew she'd want to test it.

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): Don't sound so smug. We've got to get Jamie out of that butcher's hands.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): How's your leg-iron, Peri?

PERI: What d'you mean - how's my leg-iron? Not very comfortable.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): It's looser than ours. Can't you wriggle your foot through it?

PERI: I'll try.

(SHE SITS DOWN  
AND PULLS OFF HER  
SHOE. SHE TRIES  
TO PRISE THE  
FETTER OVER  
HER ANKLE.

AFTER A TIME  
SHE GIVES UP  
IN PAIN)

It's no good, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): Can you reach that wheelchair?

PERI: I'm not elastic.

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): You should be able to reach the wheel-spokes from there.

(PERI STRETCHES  
TOWARDS IT, HER  
ONE LEG AWKWARDLY  
PINIONED. HER  
FINGERS CLOSE  
ON A SPOKE IN THE  
WHEEL)

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): Good girl.

PERI: What's the idea, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): Roll it  
back towards him.

PERI: Why? He's not going anywhere  
in it.

(STILL, WITH EFFORT,  
SHE MANAGES TO  
ROLL THE CHAIR  
TOWARDS THE DOCTOR  
(BAKER). HE GRABS  
IT AND STRAIGHTENS  
IT TOWARDS THE  
OPERATING TABLE)

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): What d'you  
think?

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): It might  
work. Worth trying.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): Right.

(HE PUSHES THE  
CHAIR AND SENDS  
IT CAREERING  
FORWARD TO  
WEDGE UNDER  
THE OPERATING  
TABLE. NOW,  
STRETCHING FORWARD  
AS FAR AS HE CAN  
WITH HIS FREE FOOT,  
HE WEDGES IT UNDER  
THE BACK OF THE  
SEAT.



USING ALL HIS  
STRENGTH,  
THE DOCTOR (BAKER)  
ATTEMPTS TO TIP  
THE CHAIR BACKWARDS.  
THE TABLE CANTS  
FRACTIONALLY)

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): Come on.  
Use some strength.

(GRITTING HIS TEETH,  
THE DOCTOR (BAKER)  
TRIES AGAIN. THE  
TABLE TILTS SLOWLY  
SIDEWAYS. THE  
MANACLE KEY  
SLIDES DOWN ITS  
SMOOTH SURFACE  
AND DROPS INTO  
THE CHAIR)

Splendid! I couldn't have done better  
myself.

(THE DOCTOR (BAKER)  
GIVES HIM A LOOK.  
HE HOOKS HIS FOOT  
UNDER THE AXLE  
AND DRAGS THE  
CHAIR BACK TOWARDS  
HIM.

AFTER THIS IT IS  
THE WORK OF A  
MOMENT TO COLLECT  
THE KEY AND START  
UNLOCKING HIS  
FETTER.

AS HE DOES THIS  
THERE IS A DISTANT,  
FEARFUL CRY OF  
PAIN)

Never mind us. That's Jamie!  
Help him!

- 3/81 -

(THE DOCTOR (BAKER)  
GIVES THE KEY TO  
PERI AND RUNS OUT)

- 81 -

26. INT. KITCHEN.

(JAMIE IS TRUSSED  
LIKE A TURKEY.

SHOCKEYE IS USING  
A HIGH-TEC COOKING  
AID - AN ELECTRONIC  
BOX WITH FLEXIBLE  
ELECTRODES WHICH  
HE IS APPLYING TO  
JAMIE'S BODY.

DASTARI COMES  
IN AS SHOCKEYE  
APPLIES ANOTHER  
JOLT.

JAMIE ARCHES  
AND SCREAMS)

DASTARI: What are you doing?

SHOCKEYE: Tenderising the meat.  
See how the flesh is marbling?  
That's the fatty tissue breaking  
up.

DASTARI: You should kill him first,  
surely?

SHOCKEYE: It works better on a  
live animal.

(HE PLACES THE  
ELECTRODES INTO  
JAMIE AGAIN.

ANOTHER SCREAM  
OF PAIN BUT  
LOWER THIS TIME  
AS JAMIE BEGINS  
TO LOSE CONSCIOUSNESS)

DASTARI: It looks very painful.

SHOCKEYE: Simply a nervous reflex.  
I've been butchering all my life.  
Primitive creatures don't feel  
pain in the way that we would.

(HE PINCHES JAMIE'S  
LEG IN PROFESSIONAL  
APPRAISAL AND SETS  
THE ELECTRODES  
ASIDE)

There... I think it's about ready.  
I'll just put a tray under it to  
collect the blood. Waste not,  
want not.

27. INT. HALLWAY.

(ON THE DOCTOR (BAKER)  
WATCHING THROUGH  
THE HINGE-GAP OF  
THE KITCHEN DOOR.)

SHOCKEYE TAKES  
HIS KNIFE AND  
GIVES IT A QUICK  
BURNISH AGAINST  
A STEEL)

SHOCKEYE: This is the part, I  
always say, where you can tell a  
butcher from a botcher. The meat  
should always have a clean edge.

(CHESSENE ENTERS  
ANGRILY)

CHESSENE: Dastari, you bungling  
oak! One of the Time Lords has  
escaped!

DASTARI: That's impossible!

CHESSENE: You couldn't have  
fastened the manacle properly.

DASTARI: Chessene, I know I did.

CHESSENE: Don't argue! It's  
vital that he be caught and killed.

SHOCKEYE: Madam, this will only  
take a few minutes. I thought we  
would have the saddle and the  
haunches for supper and -



CHESSENE: Never mind that now,  
Shockeye! I want that Time Lord  
found!

(SHOCKEYE PUTS DOWN  
THE KNIFE)

I'd have killed them both earlier  
but I felt there was still some  
further secret - something they  
were trying to conceal from me.

(THEY EXIT.

THE DOCTOR  
STANDS FROZEN  
BEHIND THE DOOR  
AS THEY CROSS  
THE HALL AND  
DISAPPEAR.

THEN HE SLIPS  
INTO THE KITCHEN)

28. INT. KITCHEN.

(THE DOCTOR  
PICKS UP A KNIFE  
AND SLICES JAMIE'S  
WRIST BONDS)

THE DOCTOR: Jamie, can  
you hear me? Jamie?

(JAMIE MOANS)

Come on, young fellow...

(HE GLANCES ROUND.

SHOCKEYE IS IN  
THE DOORWAY,  
GLOATING)

SHOCKEYE: I thought you might  
return to help the primitive.

(HE ADVANCES.

THE DOCTOR  
BACKS ROUND THE  
TABLE.

SHOCKEYE PICKS  
UP HIS KNIFE.  
HE SUDDENLY  
CHARGES.

THE DOCTOR  
DODGES BUT THE  
KNIFE SLASHES  
ACROSS HIS LEG.

HE RUNS OUT  
INTO THE HALL  
WITH SHOCKEYE  
FOLLOWING)

29. INT. HALLWAY.

(HOLDING HIS INJURED  
LEG, THE DOCTOR  
RACES FROM  
THE HOUSE.

SHOCKEYE FOLLOWS)

TELECINE 13:

Ext. Hacienda. Day.

CHESSENE comes round  
the corner of the house  
in time to see THE DOCTOR  
running off.

SHOCKEYE comes down  
the steps.

CHESSENE: Shockeye, the Time Lord -

SHOCKEYE: I know, madam. I wounded  
him, look.

He points to a patch of  
blood on the steps.

CHESSENE: Then follow his blood  
trail. Kill him, Shockeye.

SHOCKEYE: Certainly, madam.

He hurries off.

CHESSENE looks at the puddle  
of blood. Then she goes  
down on all fours and  
starts to lick it up.

ANGLE: DASTARI watching  
her from a corner. He  
registers disgust and a  
sudden revulsion, realising  
the kind of creature he  
has made.

END TELECINE 13:

30. INT. KITCHEN.

(JAMIE IS RECOVERING.  
HE FINDS A KNIFE AND  
CUTS THE ROPE  
TRUSSING HIS ANKLES.

HE GETS OFF THE  
TABLE, BALANCING  
THE KNIFE IN HIS  
HAND)

JAMIE: I'll have that Shockeye,  
so I will...

(HE GOES OUT  
GRIMLY)



31. INT. CELLARS.

(PERI AND THE DOCTOR  
(TROUGHTON) HAVE  
FREED THEMSELVES)

THE DOCTOR: Right,  
let's be off.

(HE TURNS TO LEAD  
THE WAY OUT AND  
FINDS DASTARI  
STANDING IN HIS  
PATH.

HE RAISES A  
GUN)

DASTARI: Chessene has ordered me  
to kill you.

TELECINE 14:

Ext. Hacienda grounds. Day.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER) limping along desperately. He looks round, knowing that SHOCKEYE must be gaining.

SHOCKEYE pushing through the undergrowth, head cocked. He sniffs the ground. Knife in hand, he moves on.

SHOCKEYE: Your run is nearly ended, Time Lord...

THE DOCTOR stops and holds his leg in pain. Then he limps on. Through the bushes he catches sight of SHOCKEYE cutting down a bank towards him. He forces himself into a desperate run.

SHOCKEYE: (CALLS) Give up, Time Lord! You cannot escape - Shockeye o' the Quawncing Grig!

THE DOCTOR almost falls and clutches a tree for support. On the ground ahead of him he sees the net and poison box discarded by OSCAR.

SHOCKEYE is coming on more slowly now, eyes searching round, knowing he is almost on his prey.

THE DOCTOR tears a strip from his coat lining and empties the contents of the killing box into it. He dabs the poison pad into a puddle of water. The lethal fumes begin to smoke. THE DOCTOR conceals himself behind a tree.

SHOCKEYE comes on. He reaches the spot where THE DOCTOR was but three seconds earlier. Again he stoops and sniffs the ground.

SHOCKEYE: The blood is warm and salt, Time Lord. I know how near you are.

But THE DOCTOR is even nearer than he thinks. He steps out from behind the tree and the net - swishes over SHOCKEYE'S head and shoulders, pinioning his arms. THE DOCTOR leaps on him from behind, clamping the fuming cyanide pad over SHOCKEYE'S face.

SHOCKEYE gives a muffled howl. He swings furiously about and for a few seconds it seems that his enormous strength will dislodge THE DOCTOR.

But THE DOCTOR sticks to him and then the poison does its work.

SHOCKEYE sinks slowly to his knees and then pitches forward on his face.

THE DOCTOR holds the pad in position for a few seconds longer, just to be sure, and then stands tiredly.

SHOCKEYE lies motionless, his head wreathed in the white cyanide vapour.

END TELECINE 14:

32. INT. CELLARS.

(JAMIE MOVES  
STEALTHILY FORWARD.  
HE HEARS FOOTSTEPS  
APPROACHING AND  
HIDES.

CHESSENE PASSES.

CHESSENE ENTERS  
THE CELLAR WHERE  
PERI AND THE  
DOCTOR (TROUGHTON)  
ARE HELD.

DASTARI IS WITH  
THEM. SHE STOPS)

CHESSENE: I ordered you to kill  
these two. Why are they still  
alive?

DASTARI: There has been enough  
killing, Chessene. And it is my  
fault. I took an Androgum -  
a lowly, unthinking creature of  
instinct - and tried to put you  
among the gods. That was my  
mistake.

CHESSENE: I put myself among the  
gods. And now I shall liberate  
my people. With me as their  
leader we shall reign over all  
other beings.

THE DOCTOR: Not for long. You'll  
eat most of them in a couple of  
years.

DASTARI: The Doctor is right,  
Chessene. I raised your horizons  
but your nature is unchanged.  
You are the same brutish primitive  
you always were.

CHESSENE: Only in your eyes -  
with your effete intellectual  
culture. But while you sneered  
at the Androgums you batted on  
to our strength and energy. All  
you ever had was your technology,  
Dastari. Now we shall take that  
technology from you.

DASTARI: Not while I live!

(HE TRIES TO GRAB  
HER GUN.

CHESSENE SHOOTS  
HIM AND HE FALLS  
BACK WITH A  
CRY.

THE DOCTOR GRABS  
PERI AND RUNS)

CHESSENE: Stop!

(SHE AIMS.

JAMIE RISES BEHIND  
HER AND FLINGS HIS  
KNIFE. IT STRIKES  
CHESSENE'S ARM  
AS SHE FIRES.  
THE SHOT GOES  
WILD.

CHESSENE DROPS  
THE GUN AND  
HOLDS HER ARM.

THE DOCTOR AND  
PERI HAVE ESCAPED  
INTO THE NEXT  
CELLAR.



CHESSENE ENTERS  
THE TIME MODULE.  
SHE SWITCHES ON.

THE KIOSK YOWLS  
AND VIBRATES.

CHESSENE SCREAMS  
IN PAIN AND FALLS.  
THE KIOSK BEGINS  
TO SMOKE. THERE  
ARE EXPLOSIONS  
INSIDE. THEN A  
FINAL, BIG  
EXPLOSION AND  
THE MACHINE FALLS  
APART.

CHESSENE LIES  
DEAD. HER  
FEATURES HAVE  
REGRESSED TO  
THE PRIMITIVE  
ANDROGUM PATTERN.

PERI, JAMES AND  
THE DOCTOR LOOK  
AT HER)

PERI: Is she dead?

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): Very.  
Molecular disintegration. Painful,  
they tell me, while it lasts.

PERI: That's it then.

JAMIE: Except that Shockeye ...

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): (ENTERS) You  
can forget Shockeye. He's been -  
uh - mothballed.

(HE LOOKS AT THE  
KIOSK)

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): (cont) My word, that's a mess. It'll take you quite a while to repair that.

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): Us.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): What?

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): You can hold the tools for me. Get your coat off, young fellow.

(ON THE DOCTOR  
(BAKER'S) FACE)



TELECINE 15:

Ext. Country Road. Day.

PERI and THE DOCTOR (BAKER)  
walk towards the Tardis.

PERI: There's still a lot I don't understand. For instance, they're using that time-machine to go back to the Tardis.

THE DOCTOR: Yes.

PERI: But the Tardis is here. How can it be in two places at the same time?

THE DOCTOR: That's the whole point. It isn't the same time, is it?

PERI shakes her head in bewilderment. He opens the door.

THE DOCTOR: After you.

They enter. The door closes.

PERI: (V.O.) We're not going fishing again, are we?

THE DOCTOR: (V.O.) Certainly not. I'm a vegetarian. It's much healthier.



Tardis noise. It  
dematerialises.

END TELECINE 15:

SUPOSE CAM

Closing  
Titles:

FADE OUT